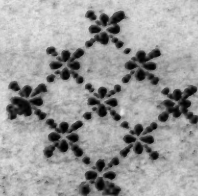


H Y M N S

Hymnals
K

F O R

New-Year's-Day.



LONDON: Printed by R. HAWES,
And Sold at the Foundry in *Moorfields*; and at the
Rev. Mr. *Wesley's* Preaching-Houses, in
Town and Country. 1777.

H. Y. M. N. S.

FOR

New-Year's-Day.



LONDON: Printed by R. Hawes.

And sold in the County of Middlesex: and at the
Rev. Mr. Webb's Printing-Office, in
St. Paul's Church-yard, 1777.

H Y M N S

**FOR
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.**

H Y M N I.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days,
Who spares us yet another year,
And lets us see his goodness here,
Happy, and wise, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to him.

2 How often when his arm was bar'd,
 Hath he our sinful *Israel* spar'd !
Let them alone his mercy cry'd,
 And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside,
 Indulg'd another kind reprieve,
 And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Laid to the root with conscious awe,
 But now the threatning axe we saw,
 We saw when Jesus stept between,
 To part the punishment and sin,
 He pleaded for the blood-bought race,
 And God vouchsaf'd a longer space !

4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd
 We trembled, while the remnant pray'd :
 The Father heard his Spirit groan,
 And answer'd mild, It is my son !
 He let the prayer of faith prevail,
 And mercy turn'd the hovering scale.

5 Merciful God, how shall we raise
 Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise !
 Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone,
 Our lives shall make thy goodness known,
 Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
 A living sacrifice divine.

6 I, and my house, will serve the Lord,
 Led by the Spirit and the word ;
 We plight our faith, assembled here,
 To serve our God the ensuing year ;
 And vow, when time shall be no more,
 Thro' all eternity t' adore.

H Y M N

1 **Y**E worms of earth, arise,
 Ye creatures of a day,
 Redeem the time, be bold, be wise,
 And cast your bonds away;
 Shake off the chains of sin,
 Like us assembled here,
 With hymns of praise to usher in
 The acceptable year.

The year of gospel-grace
 Like us rejoice to see,
 And thankfully in Christ embrace
 Your proffer'd liberty.
 Pardon and peace are nigh,
 Which every soul may prove;
 The Lord, who now is passing by,
 Makes this the time of love.

2 Saviour and Lord of all,
 Thy proffer we receive,
 Obedient to thy gospel-call
 That bids us turn and live;
 Our former years mis-spent,
 Though late, we deeply mourn,
 And soften'd by thy grace repent,
 And to thy arms return,
 With fear, and grief, and shame,
 Our folly we bemoan,
 But wonder at the patient Lamb,
 Who lets us still alone:

Thy patience lifts us up,
 Thy free unbounded grace,
 And all our fear is lost in hope,
 And all our grief in praise.

3 To Thee, by whom we live,
 Our praise and lives we pay,
 Praise, ardent, cordial, constant give,
 And shout to see the day :
 The day of saving grace,
 Thy consecrated year,
 When the bright Son of Righteousness,
 Doth to our world appear.

Risen, we know, Thou art,
 With healing in thy wings,
 We feel, we feel it in our heart
 The life thy presence brings !
 The seal and earnest this,
 Our pardon we receive,
 And look with thee in glorious bliss
 Eternally to live.

H Y M N III.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet blow,
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

Jesus

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mournful souls be glad,
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim ;
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

4 Ye slaves of sin, and hell
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love :
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 And sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come :
 Return to your eternal home.

H Y M N IV.

ALL praise to the Lord
 Whose trumpet we hear,
 Which speaks in his word
 The festival year :
 The loud proclamation
 Of freedom from thrall,
 And gospel salvation
 Is publish'd to all.

2 The year of release
 Ev'n now is begun.
 And pardon, and peace
 With Jesus sent down ;
 Eternal redemption
 Thro' him we obtain,
 And present exemption
 From passionate pain.

3 Ye spirits enslav'd
 Your liberty claim,
 Believe, and be sav'd
 Thro' Jesus's name ;
 That infinite lover
 Of sinners embrace,
 And gladly recover
 His forfeited grace.

4 With joyfullest news
 Your prisons resound,
 Your fetters are loose,
 Your souls are unbound :

Resume the possession
 For which ye were born,
 From Satan's oppression
 To heaven return.

HYMN V.

- 1 **C**OME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 And never stand still, till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here;
- 3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming might say,
 "I have fought my way thro', [do!]
 "I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

H Y M N VI.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Antient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound,
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M _ N VII,

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to him belongs,
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 Whose providence has brought us thro'
 Another various year,
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still-continued care,
 To Thee presenting thro' thy Son,
 Whate'er we have, or are ;
 Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.
- 3 Our residence of days or hours
 Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to Thee :
 'Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year
 The jubilee of heaven.

F I N I S.

Believe our God again,
We all with you and another now
Another various year,
Whose providence has brought us this,
Demands our choicest songs :
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
All praise to him belongs,
SING to the great Jehovah's praise !

To the thy face above,
While oura Jesus' face we go
The wonders of thy love,
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
Whence we have, or are;
To Thee proclaiming this, thy Son,
Thy life-continued care,
O Father, thy mercies half we own.

Our residence of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine shall be
And all our earthly powers
A nation shall be
Thine Jesus in the clouds appear
To raise on earth forgiven
And bring the grand jubilee year
The jubilee of heaven.

